MARVEL COMICS GROUP

12¢ IND. 66 OCT

RAWHIDE KID™

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THE CHALLENGE! THE SHOOT-OUT! AND THEN...TRAGICALLY... THE SHOCKING SIX-GUN SAGA YOU NEVER EXPECTED TO READ! "DEATH OF A GUNFIGHTER!"

PLUS: A TWO-GUN KID EPIC THRILLER... "RETURN OF The BADMAN!"

RAW-HIDE KID

"DEATH OF A GUNFIGHTER!"

YOU ARE LOOKING AT *BOOT HILL!* A GRIM, BARREN BURIAL GROUND RESERVED FOR SOCIETY'S *OUTCASTS*--MEN WHO LIVED BY THE *GUN, FAST* AND *BRIEFLY*--MEN SUCH AS *HE* WHO IS NOW BEING LAID TO REST...

I RECKON *NO* HOMBRE SHOULD BE BURIED, WITHOUT A FEW WORDS BEIN' SPOKE OVER 'IM!

IN *HIS* CASE, IT'LL BE *VERY* FEW! HE WAS NOTHING BUT A RUTHLESS *OUTLAW!*

MEBBE *SO*...BUT I SUSPICION HE WASN'T GUILTY OF *HALF* THE BAD THINGS THAT FOLKS CLAIMED!

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RAWHIDE KID
BORN: JOHN CLAY
1850 To 1875
WHETHER HE WAS, OR WASN'T, IS A MOOT POINT *NOW!*
NOT EXACTLY! THE *KID* IS *DEAD*, BUT HIS *LEGEND* WILL GO ON!
YEH, THERE'LL BE *BOOKS*, AND *SONGS*, AND *TALL TALES* FOR YEARS TO *COME!*

THE RAWHIDE KID is published by ATLAS MAGAZINES, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 625 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022. SECOND CLASS MAIL PRIVILEGES AUTHORIZED AT NEW YORK, N.Y. ADDITIONAL ENTRY AT Meriden, Conn. Published bi-monthly.
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Vol. 1, No. 66, October, 1968 issue. Price 12¢ per copy. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A. by The Eastern Color Printing Co., Waterbury 20, Conn. Subscription rate $1.75 and $2.25 Canada for 12 issues including postage. Foreign subscriptions $3.25.

WHO'D THEY BURY UP THERE, OLD-TIMER?

THE RAWHIDE KID!

YOU MEAN THE GUN-FIGHTER? THE OUTLAW?

SURE DO, STRANGER! WANTA HEAR ABOUT IT?

YOU BET! IT'LL GIVE ME SOMETHING TO TELL THE FOLKS BACK HOME!

THEN HAVE A LISTEN, FRIEND...

"THE KID WAS ONE OF THE FASTEST DRAWS IN THE WEST, AND WHEREVER HE WENT, SOME GUN-HAPPY GALOOT WOULD MAKE HIM PROVE IT."

I'M NOT LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, HOMBRE! SO BACK OFF!

YUH AINT GONNA CRAWFISH OUTA FIGHTIN' ME, KID! GO FOR YORE IRONS--'CAUSE I'M MAKIN' MUH PLAY--NOW!

THE BLAMED FOOL! HE LEFT ME NO CHOICE! IF ONLY HE HAD LISTENED TO REASON...

KA-POW!

...BUT THEY NEVER DO! THEY ALL WANT TO EARN THEMSELVES FAST AND FANCY REPS, BY OUTGUNNING THE RAWHIDE KID!

BUT ALL THEY WIN INSTEAD, IS SIX FEET OF EARTH!

AND EACH TIME I KILL A MAN, A PART OF ME DIES, TOO!

IT'S LIKE BEING TRAPPED IN A NIGHTMARE WITHOUT END!

"THEN, A FEW WEEKS AGO, THE KID RODE INTO OUR TOWN, QUIET AND PEACEFUL-LIKE, BOTHERIN' NOBODY!"

SO THAT'S THE BIG, BAD RAWHIDE KID, EH? HE LOOKS LIKE JUST A YOUNG SQUIRT TO ME!

WATCH ME TAKE 'IM!

WHA--

WELCOME TO EUREKA FLATS, KID!

MUH NAME IS VANCE FARGO, AN' I'M SURE PROUD T'MEET YUH!

UH OH! HERE WE GO AGAIN!

I RECKON YUH KNOW THE REST OF THE SPEECH! DON'T YUH, KID?

YEH, I'VE HEARD IT OFTEN ENUFF!

THEN WE CAN QUIT JAWIN'... AND GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!

ANY TIME YORE READY, KID!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D *BACK OFF* IF I SAID I WASN'T SPOILIN' FOR A SHOOT-OUT!

NOT A CHANCE IN THE WORLD, *YELLA-BELLY!*

THEN I RECKON IT'S *LATE IN THE DAY* FOR *ONE* OF US!

YEH! FOR *YOU!*

MEBBE *SO!* IF THIS HARDHEAD IS A *FASTER* GUN THAN ME, I'M *FINISHED!*

BUT IF HE'S *SLOWER,* THEN MY IRON GETS *ANOTHER* UNWANTED NOTCH ON IT!

EITHER WAY, I END UP A *LOSER!*

BUT MEBBE *NOT!* MEBBE THERE'S *ANOTHER* WAY OUT!

SUPPOSE I *LET* HIM FIRE FIRST, BUT THROW MY *ARM* IN HIS LINE OF FIRE A *SPLIT SECOND* BEFORE HE SHOOTS!

THAT WAY, *HE'LL* WIN, BUT *I'LL* STILL BE BREATHING!

IT'S A *RISKY STUNT,* BUT I'M TOO DESPERATE NOT TO *TRY* IT!

OKAY, KID-- *SLAP LEATHER!*

KRAK!

IT *WORKED!* HE JUST *NICKED* MY *ARM!*

I *DID* IT! I *WON!*

YOU ALL *SAW* IT! I TOOK ON THE GREAT *RAWHIDE KID* AND *BEAT* 'IM! *HAW!*

I--I DIDN'T THINK *ANYONE* COULD OUTDRAW THE KID!

NEITHER DID THE *KID*, I'LL BET! BUT NOW HE KNOWS *DIFFERENT*! *DON'TCHA*, SQUIRT!

YEH, I LEARNED IT THE *HARD* WAY!

OKAY, GENTS, I FIGGER OUT-DRAWIN' *THE KID* MAKES ME THE *FASTEST GUN* IN THESE PARTS!

BUT MEBBE *SOME* OF YUH GOT A *DIFFERENT* NOTION! MEBBE YUH'D LIKE TO SLAP LEATHER WITH ME!

N-NO! I AINT A *GUNFIGHTER!*

LEMME *OUTA* HERE!

HAW! LOOK AT 'EM *RUN!* NOT *ONE* OF 'EM WILL DARE *TANGLE* WITH ME! I'M *TOP GUN* NOW!

AND I'M FREE OF *KILLING* NOW! 'CAUSE WHEN WORD OF MY *DEFEAT* *SPREADS*, THE GUNSLICKS WON'T BOTHER TO *CHALLENGE* ME ANY MORE! THERE'S NO *GLORY* IN BEATING A *LOSER!*

"BUT THE KID HAD OVERLOOKED ONE THING! WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A RUTHLESS BULLY SUDDENLY FEELS *ALL POWERFUL!*"

HOLD *ON*, HOMBRE! YUH DON'T AIM TO WALK RIGHT IN FRONT OF *VANCE FARGO*, *DO* YUH?

S-SORRY, MISTER FARGO...

HE DIDN'T MEAN ANY *HARM*, MR. FARGO! *PLEASE* DON'T BE ANGRY!

LOOK, YOU CAN HAVE THE SIDEWALK ALL TO *YOURSELF*, SEE?

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!

SINCE FARGO WON THE *SHOOT-OUT*, HE'S REALLY BEEN *THROWIN' HIS WEIGHT AROUND!*

BUT MEBBE IT'S JUST 'CAUSE BEIN' TOP GUN IS *NEW* TO HIM!

MEBBE AFTER A SPELL, HE'LL *SIMMER DOWN!*

"BUT IN THIS CASE, TYRANNY *GREW* BY WHAT IT *FED ON!*"

YORE *LUCKY*, HOMBRE--I'M GONNA LET YUH *KEEP* SOME OF YORE GOLD, IN CASE I NEED MORE *LATER ON!*

SURE, MR. FARGO, *SURE!* YUH CAN HAVE AS *MUCH* AS YUH WANT-- *WHENEVER* YUH WANT!

I TELL YUH, FARGO'S GONE *TOO FAR!* HE'S RIDIN' ROUGHSHOD OVER THE *WHOLE TOWN!* HE MUST BE *STOPPED!*

AGREED! BUT *WHO'S* GONNA GO UP AGAINST HIM? *YOU?*

ARE YUH *LOCO?* I WOULDN'T STAND A *CHANCE* AGAINST THE MAN WHO BEAT THE THE *RAWHIDE KID!*

RIGHT! NEITHER WOULD ANYONE *ELSE* IN THIS TOWN!

I--I NEVER COUNTED ON *THIS!* EACH DAY, FARGO BECOMES A GREATER *MENACE*...

A MENACE THAT I UNWITTINGLY CREATED!

I CAN'T LET IT GO ON! I *CAN'T!*

"THEN, A FEW DAYS LATER, AS FARGO WAS *TAKIN'* HIS AFTERNOON PLEASURE..."

THAT'S IT, HOMBRE! LIKE A *MONKEY!* DANCE LIKE A MONKEY ON A STRING!

HAW! HAW! HAW!

KRAK! KRAK! KRAK!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

THAT'S RIGHT, MISTUH-- KEEP HOPPIN'!

LESS'N OF COURSE YUH WANNA ACT LIKE A MAN, 'STEAD OF A MONKEY, AN' GO FOR YORE IRON!

HOW ABOUT ME, POLECAT? CAN I BUY IN ON THAT OFFER?

WHY, SURE YUH CAN, PUNK! I OUTGUNNED YUH ONCE, AN' IT'LL BE NO TROUBLE TO DO IT AGAIN!

BUT THIS TIME, I DON'T AIM TO LEAVE YUH UPRIGHT!

THIS TIME, FRIEND, THE CHOICE MAY NOT BE YOURS!

YOU SEE, I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE A FASTER DRAW THAN ME, OR NOT... BECAUSE LAST TIME I WANTED TO LOSE THE FIGHT!

THIS TIME, I'LL BE GOIN' TO WIN!

YUH EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT?

NOPE! NOT NOW! BUT YOU WILL, SOON ENUFF!

YEH? WAL I SAY YORE LYIN' THRU YORE TEETH!

YUH FIGGER IF YUH CAN MAKE ME DOUBT MUHSELF, I'LL GROW SCARED... AN' YUH'LL HAVE AN EDGE IN THE SHOOT-OUT!

BUT IT WON'T WORK!

I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE SCARED, OR NOT, FARGO!

ALL I CARE ABOUT IS UNDOING THE HARM I UNWITTINGLY DID TO THIS TOWN, WHEN I LET A CHEAP GUNMAN DEFEAT THE RAWHIDE KID!

"LET ME," EH? WAL, THIS TIME DON'T LET ME! THIS TIME TRY TO WIN, SQUIRT... 'CAUSE IT'LL BE YORE LAST CHANCE!

THEN THEY *SLAPPED LEATHER*, AND *FARGO* TURNED OUT TO BE THE *FASTER GUN* AFTER ALL! HE DROPPED THE KID WITH ONE SHOT!

SO THE *KID* ENDS UP ON *BOOT HILL!* BUT *FARGO*--WHERE'S HE?

HE LEFT TOWN AFTER THE SHOOT-OUT! HE FIGGERED HE'D ABOUT PICKED THIS PLACE *CLEAN*, AND HEADED FOR GREENER PASTURES!

÷*WOW!*÷ WHAT A TALE TO TELL BACK HOME! WELL, BE SEEIN' YOU, OLD TIMER!

AS THE STRANGER WALKS AWAY, HE FAILS TO NOTICE A SEATED FIGURE HALF-HIDDEN IN THE *SHADOWS*...

...A FIGURE *SUPPOSED* TO BE NO LONGER OF THIS EARTH!

THINK HE *BELIEVED* YOU?

WHY *SHOULDN'T* HE? IT WAS ALL *TRUE*... 'CEPTIN', OF COURSE, FOR THE *END!*

"TOO BAD I COULDN'T TELL ABOUT THE SHOOT-OUT LIKE IT *REALLY* HAPPENED!"

MUH GUN-- YUH *BEAT* ME!

KA-POW!!

WHAT ARE YUH HOLSTERIN' YORE IRON FOR! AINT YUH GONNA *FINISH ME OFF*, LIKE I WAS FIXIN' TO DO TO YUH?

MISTER, YOU AINT WORTH THE *PRICE* OF ANOTHER BULLET...

BUT *THIS*-- THIS DOESN'T COST A *CENT*...

THUD!

OOF!

AND IT GETS THE MESSAGE *ACROSS* JUST AS *GOOD*!

WHAM!

"AND THEN A GRATEFUL TOWN *SPOKE UP*..."

YUH WERE SAFER *NOT* BEING A TOP GUN! YET WHEN THE CHIPS WERE *DOWN*, YUH CAME TO OUR *RESCUE*!

NOW IT'S *OUR* TURN TO HELP *YOU*, KID! WE'LL TELL FOLKS THAT FARGO *KILLED* YOU! WE'LL EVEN STAGE A *FAKE FUNERAL*! IT'LL TAKE THE GUNNIES OFF YOUR BACK--FOR *AWHILE*, ANYWAY!

THANKS, *AMIGOS*!

AND SO, THE *RAWHIDE KID* HAS BOUGHT HIMSELF A *RESPITE FROM DANGER*-- ONE FATED TO BE *ALL TOO BRIEF*, AS YOU'LL SEE IN THE NEXT EPISODE OF HIS GROWING LEGEND!

THE END

TWO-GUN KID

"RETURN OF THE BAD MAN!"

IN THE MIGHTY *MARVEL* TRADITION OF NO-NONSENSE, RIP-ROAR N' *ACTION*--THIS TWO-FISTED *TWO-GUN* TALE BEGINS WITH OUR MASKED LAWMAN BRINGING DOWN ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS OWLHOOTS IN THE TERRITORY!

WHA--! LEMME GO, DERN YUH!

I *THOUGHT* I RECOGNIZED YOU, GURNEY! NOT THAT IT'S ANYTHING [redacted] ABOUT...

...YOUR FACE IS ON HALF THE *WANTED POSTERS* IN TOMBSTONE!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

BUSINESS IS *SLOW* FOR MATT HAWK THESE DAYS! BUT AS THE TWO-GUN KID, I MANAGE TO KEEP BUSY ENOUGH!

ANOTHER SLAM-BANG SLAP-LEATHER EPIC FROM.

STAN LEE
EDITOR

DENNY O'NEIL
WRITER

OGDEN WHITNEY
PENCILLER

DICK AYERS
INKER

ARTIE SIMEK
LETTERER

AND BETTER THAN THAT CREW, YOU JUST DON'T GET!

WHIMP GURNEY! HOW'D YOU FIND THIS RATTLESNAKE, TWO-GUN?

SPOTTED HIM SNEAKING AROUND THE POST OFFICE, BRETT! PROBABLY PLANNING TO HOLD IT UP!

NEED ANY HELP?

I DON'T THINK SO! THIS RANNY MUST'VE MADE HIS REPUTATION SCARING LITTLE OLD LADIES!

LEMME OOWN!

A L RIGHT WHIMP.

IF YOU INSIST!

OWRFF!

N CL GO NG, WHEN HE WAKES UP HE L BE NANCE ...LY CELL!

BETTER GET H M OUT OF TOWN AS SOON AS POSSIBLE BRETT! IF HIS BROTHERS LEARN HE'S BEEN NABBED, THEY'LL COME LOOKING FOR H M.

...AND THAT WOULD MEAN A GUN FIGHT! A LOT OF INNOCENT TOWNSFOLK MIGHT GET HURT

YOU'RE RIGHT, TWO-GUN! WE'LL RIDE OUT FOR LARAMIE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING! THE D STRICT MARSHALL WANTS TO DEAL WITH GURNEY PERSONALLY --AN HE S WELCOME TO H M!

I GOTTA TE L THE BOSS!

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AND, AN HOUR LATER, THE MAN WHO WITNESSED WHIMP GURNEY'S CAPTURE REINS UP AT A CAVE NEAR THE TOWN.

STOSH! THAT MASKED FELLA DONE CAUGHT YORE BROTHER WHIMP!

HOLD ON, THERE! TELL IT FROM THE BEGINNIN'!

BREATHLESSLY, THE OUTLAW RELATES WHAT HE SAW...

...SO THEY'S GONNA TAKE WHIMP TO THE PRISON IN LARAM E! THAT SHERIFF, HE'S 'FRAID OF A GUN FIGHT!

THERE AINT GONNA BE NO GUN PLAY-- 'CAUSE THERE AINT NO NEED FER IT! I GOT A BETTER IDEA--'WAY BETTER!

MOUNT UP, BOYS! WE'RE A'GONNA PAY A LITTLE SOCIAL CALL!

WHAR WE GOIN, STOSH?

TO SEE MACK!

HEY...AINT THAT THE SHERIFF'S OLD MAN?

IT SHORE IS!

NOW, LET'S RUN ON AHEAD OF THE OWLHOOTS, MARVELITES, AND REACH THE HOUSE OF BRETT'S FATHER A FEW MINUTES BEFORE THEM--!

BRETT'S REAL BUSY TODAY, MACK, SO HE ASKED ME TO DROP OFF THIS RAILROAD TICKET HE BOUGHT FOR YOU! GOIN' TO OMANA, ARE YOU?

YUP! GONNA VISIT BRETT'S SISTER 'N' HER FAMILY, BOOM BOOM! BEEN MEANIN' TO MAKE THE TRIP FER YEARS...

SAY, LOOK-- LIKE IT MORE COMPANY COMIN'

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THEM HOMBRES! BETTER GIT INSIDE MACK - LET ME DEAL WITH 'EM!

LIKE NECK I WILL, YA YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPER! I MAY BE GITTIN' ON IN YEARS, BUT I C'N STILL DO MY OWN DEALIN'!

WHAT YOU, GENTS WANT?

WE WANT YOU, OLD GEEZER--AN' WE AIM TO TAKE YOU! ANIL 'EM, BOYS!

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YIP-P-P-EEE! I AINT HAD A GOOD FIGHT SINCE I'S A YOUNG RANNY OF SEVENTY!

TELL THE TRUTH, I KINDA DOUBT THAT SNIVELIN' SIDE-WINDERS LIKE THESE ARE GONNA GIVE US A GOOD FIGHT!

THEY LOOK MORE LIKE THE BACK-SHOOTIN' TYPE THAN STAND-UP BRAWLERS!

SEE? EVEN A LITTLE LOVE TAP KNOCKS 'EM OVER LIKE A STRAW IN A HURRICANE!

-UNGH!-

BY GJM, YORE RIGHT! I'VE SEEN MORE SPUNK IN A LADIE'S SEWIN' CIRCLE!

OOOOOOOO

A BULLET'LL TAKE THE VINEGAR OUTTA YOU, BIG MAN!

-LNNN!-

WHY, YUH [illegible] MERN CAYOTES.. I'LL TEAR YUH APART!

GIVE US A HAND, 'STOSH! THE OL' DIFFERS STRONG AS A WILDCAT!

HOLD 'IM A SECOND MORE, BOYS ..

...THERE! THAT'LL KEEP 'IM FROM GIVIN' US MORE TROUBLE!

BOWL!

AS THE SUN SETS, A BEATEN, WOUNDED FIGURE RIDES SLOWLY INTO TOMBSTONE...

BOOM BOOM! WHAT HAPPENED, MAN?

GURNEY'S BUNCH CAPTURED BRETT'S PA ..GUNNED ME.

SALOON

GOTTA.. TELL BRETT--!

SAVE THE TALK, BIG FELLA, TILL I GET YOU TO THE DOC'S!

THEN, AFTER THE DOCTOR'S SKILLED MINISTRATIONS...

SLUG GLANCED OFF YOUR HARD HEAD! NO PERMANENT DAMAGE -NASTY CONCUSSION THOUGH! BEST NOT LEAVE THIS BED FOR A FEW DAYS, BOOM BOOM

BUT I GOTTA! I GOTTA TELL THE SHERIFF WHAT HAPPENED--!

NO NEED TO! SOME SKUNK JUST TOSSED A ROCK THROUGH MY OFFICE WINDOW, WITH A NOTE ATTACHED!

TAKE A LOOK, MATT--AN' TELL ME WHAT YOU'D DO!

IT'S A TOUGH POSITION TO BE IN, BRETT!

SHERIFF—
UNLESS YOU BRING MY BROTHER TO BUZZARD SPRINGS AT NOON TOMORROW, YOUR PAW GETS A BULLET. I'M OFFERIN' YOU A FAIR TRADE.
STOSH GURNEY

TOUGH!! THAT DOESN'T BEGIN TO SAY IT, MATT! I'M AN OFFICER OF THE LAW! I HAVE A SWORN DUTY TO BRING WHIMP GURNEY IN...

...BUT I'M A MAN, TOO! I CAN'T LET MY OWN FATHER DIE!

IF I WERE YOU, I'D MEET GURNEY --JUST AS HE SUGGESTS!

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

GET MOUNTED, GURNEY!

AW, GO SIT ON A CACTUS, TIN STAR!

PEARS STONE GURNEY'S GOT BRETT BUFFALOED!

CAN'T SAY AS I BLAME THE SHERIFF! SHORE IS A SHAME TO LET A SKUNK LIKE WHIMP LOOSE, THOUGH!

AND, AT EXACTLY HIGH NOON, TWO HOSTILE MEN FACE EACH OTHER ACROSS BUZZARD SPRINGS!

GLAD TO SEE YUH COULD MAKE IT, SHERIFF! NOW, SOON'S YOU LET MUH BROTHER RIDE OVER HERE WE'LL GIVE BACK YORE PAW!

HOW DO I KNOW YO' LL KEEP YOUR PART OF THE BARGAIN?

GUESS YOU'LL JIST HAVE TO TRUST ME- 'CAUSE YOU AIN'T GOT NO OTHER CHOICE!

OKAY, GIT MOVING!

DON'T DO IT, SON! DON'T LET ME GIT IN THE WAY OF YOUR DUTY!

SHADDAP OL MAN-- 'FORE BRETT DECIDES TO LISTEN TO YOU

HOW ABOUT IT, GURNEY? YOUR BROTHER'S FREE -- NOW TURN LOOSE MY FATHER!

I AIN'T SURE I WANT TO! WE'LL HAVETA LET WHIMP HAVE HIS SAY!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

WHUT ABOUT IT, WHIMP? WHUT'LL WE DO WITH THIS OLD HUNK OF CROWBAIT?

LETTIM' GO!

AN' WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, MAYBE YOU BETTER GO WITH HIM!

HUH? WHAT WAS THAT, WHIMP?

THE TWO-GUN KID! WHY, YUH DOUBLE-CROSSIN'-- WHAR'S WHIMP?

N A CELL-- WHERE YOU'LL ALL BE BEFORE SUNDOWN?

A NT NOBODY TAK N ME TO NO LOCKUP!

I WAS AFRAID YOU'D PLAY IT THE HARD WAY!

BLAM! BLAM!

OWW! M. H ARM!

R GHT PLUTY SHOOTIN FELLER! BUT HOW BOUT LENDIN ME AN IRON?

GLAD TO, OLD TIMER

YA HOO! TH LL LEARN YUH, C CE-WINDER!

YEOWCH!

IM G TTIN OUTTA HERE, WH LE I'M IN ONE PIECE!

SURE YOU'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE-- AND HEADING STRAIGHT FOR JAIL!

UNGH!

GURNEY'S MAKING A RUN FOR IT!

HE CAN'T OUTRACE A BULLET!

NOW HOLD ON THERE, SON! AIN'T NO SPORT IN BRINGIN' 'IM DOWN WITH A CARBINE!

LES' DO THIS THE FUN WAY --WITH A ROPE!

I AIN'T DONE THIS IN FIFTEEN YEARS! BUT I STILL GOT MY TOUCH!

HOW'S THAT FER SLICK LASSO WORK?

BEAUTY, DAD--IT WAS PURE BEAUTY!

MOMENTS LATER A STRANGE PROCESSION WAKES ITS WAY ACROSS THE PRAIRIE!

I'VE ALWAYS SORT OF THOUGHT THAT HAWK'S A BRIGHT HOMBRE!

IF YOU SEE MATT BEFORE I DO TWO-GUN THANK HIM FOR ME! HIS IDEA OF SUBSTITUTING YOU FOR WHIMP WAS SHEER GENIUS!

AWWW THEM LAWYERS AIN'T REAL MEN--NOT LIKE YOU AN' ME! Y'KNOW, MASKED MAN IF I WAS JUST TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER..

ME 'N' YOU COULD TEAM UP AN' CLEAN UP THE WHOLE FRONTIER IN A COUPLA WEEKS!

THAT WE COULD, MACK!

THIS IS WHERE I TURN OFF! ADIOS, AMIGOS!

WHY IN TARNATION DOES HE WEAR THAT FACE COVERIN', SON?

I DON'T KNOW, AND I DON'T CARE! I'M GLAD HE'S AROUND, MASKED OR NOT!

ITEMS OF INCREDIBLE IMPORT TO ILLUMINATE YOUR INTEREST, INVIGORATE YOUR IMAGINATION, AND INTOXICATE YOUR ID!

ITEM! Hey, did ja see the great plug we got in a recent ish of TV GUIDE? If not don't despair! It went like this! "Marvel has become champ of the comic-book game — 50,000,000 books a year, with a high number of them selling to college kids." There was lots more, but you might think we're braggin'! So, we'll just end with a breathtakin' "Thanx" to the guys 'n gals at the Guide . . . cause you know how modest we are!

ITEM! Be sure to keep your eyes peeled for the tremendous new team of Genius GENE COLAN and Tender TOM PALMER as they join forces to illustrate DR. STRANGE! If ever a penciler and inker were born for each other—! They're dynamite! And the same goes for Gentle JOHNNY CRAIG whom, in a moment of sheer inspiration, we've assigned to ink the power-packed penciling of Lonesome GEORGE TUSKA on IRON MAN! And when DR. DOOM finally stars in his own strip, wait'll you see who the artists are! Yep, the ol' Bullpen's always been crawling with talent, but right about now we're threatening to burst at the seams! So, just keep watching, wonderous things are gonna come!

ITEM! When we get a letter like this, we can't just toss it away. So, here's where we share it with you — Dear Stan: Any Marvel maniacs who'd like to write over here can address ANY LONELY SOLDIER c/o USO APO SAN FRANCISCO 96243 Sincerely, Sgt. Mike Steiner RA 262 949 [illegible]

ITEM! In case you've been wondering, ol' SPIDEY and the ever-lovin' FANTASTIC FOUR are still causing a riot among the ratings on nationwide TV — to say nothing of SUBBY THOR, GREEN SKIN, CAP and SHELL HEAD! And if the flood of toys and games produced for us by LOUIS MARX, OHIO ART, WESTERN PUBLISHING and KENNER TOYS, just to name a few, doesn't send our younger Believers into orbit, we'll never visit Yancy Street again! — And by the way, just a reminder to check out our merchandising page for those fabulous far-out plastic pillows of Thor and Spidey — and to stitch onto the latest greatest issue of Marvel's glitzy gag mag — GROOVY!

ITEM! Wanna know the name of our newest writer? Here's none other than Artful ARNOLD DRAKE, the loveable king-size leprechaun who combines his own unique dramatic quality with a fabulous flair for the grandiose and [illegible] that's for certain to make his mark in the hallowed halls of Marvel — if we can keep him away from those endless movies he so dearly loves to write! Welcome aboard A. D. — it figgers to be a rollickin' ride all the way!

STAN'S SOAPBOX

This month we're gonna yak about something that has nothing to do with our mags! Over the years we've received a million letters asking for the Bullpen's opinion about such diverse subjects as Viet Nam, civil rights, the war on poverty and the upcoming election. We're fantasmagorically flattered that our opinion would matter to you, but here's the hang up: there ISN'T any unanimous Bullpen opinion about anything except possibly mother love and apple pie! Take the election, for example. Some of us are staunch Democrats, and others dyed in the wool Republicans. As for Yours Truly and a few others, we prefer to judge the person rather than the party line. That's why we seek to avoid editorializing about controversial issues — not because we haven't our opinions, but rather because we know the same diversity of opinion as Americans everywhere. But we'd like to go on record about one vital issue — we believe that Man has a divine destiny, and an awesome responsibility — the responsibility of treating all who share this wondrous world of ours with tolerance and respect — judging each fellow human on his own merit, regardless of race, creed or color. That we agree on, and we'll never rest until it becomes a fact, rather than just a cherished dream.

Excelsior,

Smiley

[illegible]

MARVEL SUPERHEROES #16: Just as we promised you — a full-length blockbuster of mystery and action, starring the [illegible]. Plus, the usual mildly [illegible] mish-mash of masked mis-anthropes!

AVENGERS #56. He's back — at last. Cap temporarily rejoins the Avengers to journey back into time and learn the true fate of Bucky Barnes! This one's a shocker!

AVENGERS SPECIAL #2: In answer to an awesome avalanche of requests! The new Avengers battle to the death with the original Avengers . . . in a world they never made! An all-new, once a year wonder!

X-MEN #47: The beginning of new lives for Cyclops and Marvel Girl — and a senses-shattering new villain called . . . Computo! It's a double-dose of mutant magic as only Marvel can sock it to you!

DAREDEVIL #44: There are many things we could tell you about this sensational ish to send you into orbit! But, the thrilling theme alone should do the trick — DD's wanted for murder!

MIGHTY THOR #156: Ragnarok — the destruction of the entire universe — is getting closer by the second — and even the Thunder God seems powerless to halt it! This one's a classic in our own time!

CAPTAIN AMERICA #106: An epic so different and [illegible] you know how it does it! [illegible]

INCREDIBLE HULK #105: If you think ol' Green Skin is in a jam just 'cause Col. Yuri Brevlov's hot on his trail . . . just wait'll the malevolent Mandarin explodes upon the scene! [illegible]

HULK SPECIAL #1: To celebrate his first [illegible] who could possibly battle [illegible] worse? How about the ever new, ever surprising — Inhumans!

IRON MAN #6: Talk about cataclysmic comebacks . . . wait'll you see the rip-roarin' return of the Crusher . . . and what it does to Shell Head! We guarantee it'll blow your mind!

SUB-MARINER #6: Namor slugs it out with the titanic Tiger Shark for the throne of Atlantis — while Destiny waits in the wings! After this, skin diving may never be the same!

NOT BRAND ECHH #9 This one, too, is [illegible] for a second month to make sure that no Game Keeper among you misses it! It's got more pages, pages and lunacy than ever before! And dig those [illegible]!

CAPTAIN MARVEL #6: How can you stop a brain-busting baddie who possesses all the mass power of the sun [illegible]? You don't! But Mar-Vell's astonishing answer!

NICK FURY, AGENT OF SHIELD #5: Our [illegible] director of SHIELD nonchalantly [illegible] . . . "What Ever Happened To [illegible]" — only to wish he'd never found out! Mr. Hyde strikes again!

DR. STRANGE #173: This is it! The event you thought would never take place! The dreaded Dormammu finally invades earth, and when Doc Strange tries to stop him — watch out!

SGT. FURY SPECIAL #4: Still on sale if your luck's holding out! To convince you that this one'll be a war-mag classic, we need only tell that the subject is . . . The Battle of the Bulge! 'Nuff said?

CAPTAIN SAVAGE #6: Only a desperate effort by the Leathernecks Raiders can save Australia from a daring Japanese take-over plot! You dare not miss it! "Mission, Destroy The Invisible Enemy!"

MARVEL COLLECTORS' ITEM CLASSICS #17: The F.F., Iron Man, and Doc Strange — all in one incredible ish that will leave you begging for more! Further proof that Marvel had a better idea first!

MARVEL TALES #16: The Beetle — Tomorrow Man — Plant Man — and the sinister Sporr! Against Spidey, Thor, the torrid [illegible] and Marvel Boy, natch!) A foursome of the most senses-staggering battles since [illegible] asked for a raise!

TALES OF ASGARD #1. It's hard to believe that nobody can take mixed-up Marvel for granted, we're sockin' you with a giant-sized Thor-Asgard surprise Special, recreating the greatness and glory of the Thunder God's early days! Face it — it's a must!

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

Marvel-ous Mags On Sale Right Now!

SGT. FURY #58: You want [illegible] baby blues . . . and nail-raw [illegible] ers when they [illegible] mighty Hilers Agent of 1,000 Faces! It's blood [illegible] battle action all the way!

SILVER SURFER #2! Marvel's newest and most daringly dramatic superhero returns to thrill you again as he battles the startling occupants of a fearsome flying saucer.

FANTASTIC FOUR #79. Suspense mounts [illegible] suspense as the mighty Thing faces the foe he cannot fight — or can he? And what about the pregnant Sue Storm? Don't dare miss it!

SPIDER-MAN #55: A totally different type of Spidey adventure, as the world's favorite webhead must protect his secret identity — while becoming embroiled in a

THE... DOUBLE CROSS!

HOWDY, MA'AM! YOU'RE **SANDY ADAMS**, AIN'T YOU? YOUR DADDY AIN'T COME TO MEET YOU

WHY, YES! AND **YOU** MUST BE **SHERIFF LEX LARKER!** DADDY WROTE ME ABOUT YOU! WHERE **IS** HE?

ENGLAND STAGE COMPANY

EDITED BY: STAN LEE
ART BY: BILL EVERETT

YOUR DADDY'S A VERY BUSY AND PROSPEROUS RANCHER, MISS! HE COULDN'T BE HERE, BUT I'LL SEE YOU **HOME** SAFE

I **HOPE** SO! I'VE BEEN IN SCHOOL BACK EAST, AND THIS COUNTRY SCARES ME **DAYLIGHTS** OUTTA ME

I'M SURE THEY **DO** SIR BUT WHO ARE THOSE MEN UP AHEAD? THE ONES WITH THE **GUNS!**

I'M **SHERIFF** IN THESE HERE PARTS, AN' PEOPLE **RESPECT** ME!

OH OH! IT'S FLINT CARSON'S GANG! HOLD IN MISS WE'LL TRY TO GET THROUGH THEM!

B-B- WHY ARE THEY SHOOTING AT US?

SKREEK!

DUNNO BUT BOTH OF THEM KNOW THEM FLY AWAY! SEEMS YOU WON'T GET HURT! I WON'T GET ANYTHIN' BUT A BUGGY, GRAB THE REINS AN' GIT OUTTA HERE — FAST!

CLEAR...!

NICE TRY, SHERIFF! BUT IT AIN'T GONNA WORK! WHAT DOES SHE KNOW ABOUT DRIVIN' A BUGGY?

OOF!

HELP! HELP!

BOK!

THIS IS ALMOST TOO EASY! JES HOLD STILL, MA'AM, AN' YUH WON'T GET HURT! WE'RE JES GONNA KEEP YUH A WHILE TILL WE'RE DADDY GRAVES UP WITH SOME RANSOM GOLD — THEN WE'LL LET YUH GO

YOU — YOU FIENDS!

DAD-BURN THAT RANNIE! HE DON'T KNOW NUTHIN' SO HARD AS MY VISION'S BLURRED — I AIN'T GOT THE HEART TO SHOOT THAT GIRL!

HEY! HE'S MAKIN' MIGHTY CLOSE FER A MAN WHAT'S JES BEEN NOORANED! LET 'IM GOIN'!

SKEER TOO — I AIN'T GOT NUTHIN MORE TO DO WITH BEFORE I'M DADDY'S AS FAR AS THE BUCK — I'LL MAKE IT

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RANCH....

GREAT SHADES OF HADES! MY DAUGHTER—A HOSTAGE! WHAT SORT OF INFAMY IS THIS? HOUSEBOY, SUMMON SHERIFF LARKER AT ONCE!

DERE MISTER ADAMS— IF YOU WAH TO SEE YORE DOTTER ALIVE AGIN, GIV 5000 DOLLERS TO SHERRIF LARKER. HE KNOWS WHAT TO DO WITH IT. AH DONT TRY NO FUNNY STUF, OR SHE DIES

I WAS JUST ARRIVING, SIR!

GOOD! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT — OR WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO WITH IT— BUT I WANT THESE VILLAINS APPREHENDED AT ONCE, AND MY DAUGHTER RETURNED IN GOOD HEALTH! DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR, SHERIFF?

PERFECTLY, SIR! BUT DON'T YOU THINK IT WOULD BE WISE TO PAY THE RANSOM MONEY? THEN NO ONE WILL GET HURT!

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT, CONFOUND IT! I HATE TO GIVE IN TO THESE SCALLAWAGS, BUT I SUPPOSE I HAVE NO CHOICE! I WANT SANDY BACK UNHARMED! ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF — MEET ME AT THE BANK IN THE MORNING!

AND, EARLY NEXT A.M. ....

HERE YOU ARE, SON! ALL $5000 OF IT! I DON'T KNOW WHAT SORT OF SCHEME YOU HAVE IN MIND, BUT I WANT MY DAUGHTER DELIVERED SAFELY, AND THOSE VARMINTS BROUGHT IN!

I'LL DO MY BEST, SIR! YOU CAN COUNT ON THAT, BELIEVE ME!

BANK

WITHIN MINUTES, THE SHERIFF TAKES TO THE TRAIL...

WHILE, UP IN THE HILLS ....

HERE HE COMES, JUST LIKE WE PLANNED! ONLY, I STILL DON'T TRUST 'IM, EVEN IF HE DOES HAVE THE LOOT! KEEP 'IM COVERED, TEX!

DON'T WORRY, BOSS! I'VE GOT A BEAD ON 'IM!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

OKAY, YOU GUYS! HERE'S THE RANSOM MONEY— ALL BUT MY CUT! I'M HOLDIN' THAT OUT, JUST IN CASE! NOW - HAND OVER THE GIRL!

NOT SO FAST, PARDNER! WE WANT ALL THE GOLD! ALL $5000.00!

WE GOT YOU OVER A BARREL, SHERIFF! EITHER YOU FORK OVER, OR WE KILL THE GIRL, AND THROW THE BOOK AT YOU! YOU'RE IN THIS JUST AS DEEP AS WE ARE - SO COME ACROSS!

I'LL COME ACROSS, ALL RIGHT, YOU RAT! WITH GUNS BLAZIN'! YOU KILL THE GIRL, AN' YOU'RE DEAD, TOO!

DON'T FORGET - I'VE STILL GOT THE GOLD! AND YORE HOSTAGE WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD AT ALL! IT'S CHECKMATE, FRIEND, SO TURN HER LOOSE!

WHY, YOU DIRTY---

---DOUBLE-CROSSING COYOTE! YOU WANNA HAVE YOUR CAKE, AN' EAT IT, TOO! YOU WANT YOUR THOUSAND BUCK CUT, AN' GIT THE GIRL BACK, TOO! WELL, I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, MISTER! THE CARDS DON'T FALL THAT WAY! SO COME UP SHOOTIN'!

DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT, BUSTER! I GOT PLENTY O' LEAD, AN' I DON'T MIND GIVIN' IT ALL TO YUH! NOW, IF YUH DON'T WANNA WIND UP ON BOOT HILL, LET THE GIRL GO! GIVE HER TO ME, AN' I PROMISE I WON'T FIRE A SHOT!

HE MEANS IT! THE ROTTEN, DOUBLE-CROSSING RATTLESNAKE! WELL, I AIN'T GONNA STAND UP AGAINST THEM TWO GUNS OF HIS - GOLD, OR NO GOLD! I'M CUTTIN' OUTTA HERE! ANY OF YOU HOMBRES WITH ME?

I AM, BOSS!

COME BACK HERE, YUH NO-'COUNT VARMINTS!

YOU CAN HAVE THE GIRL! MY LIFE'S WORTH MORE'N ANY LOUSY THOUSAND BUCKS!

OHH!

PHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! YOU SURELY WERE BRAVE TO FACE UP TO THOSE HORRIBLE MEN THAT WAY!

NOT SO BRAVE AS YOU THINK, MA'AM! I WAS SKEERED, BUT THEY THOUGHT I COULD OUT-SHOOT 'EM!

LEX, MY BOY! AND SANDY! YOU DID IT!

NOT ALTOGETHER, SIR! THEM LOW-DOWN COYOTES GOT AWAY -- BUT THEY DIDN'T GIT THE MONEY! HERE IT IS, SIR --- ALL OF IT!

DADDY!

WONDERFUL! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! SHERIFF, YOU DESERVE A REWARD! I WANT YOU TO ACCEPT A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR YOUR HEROISM!

OH, NO, SIR! I WAS ONLY DOIN' MY DUTY! BESIDES ---

---I GOT A CONFESSION TO MAKE! I WUZ PART OF THE WHOLE PLAN! I JUMPED OUTTA THAT BUGGY SO'S THE OTHERS COULD GRAB YER DAUGHTER! THEN WE WAS GONNA SPLIT FIVE WAYS! BUT WHEN I SEEN HOW PURTY AN' HELP-LESS SHE WAS, I JES' COULDN'T DO IT! SO I DOUBLE-CROSSED 'EM! NOW, I - I RECKON I'D BETTER GIT BACK TO TOWN, AN' TURN IN MY BADGE!

WELL, I'LL BE ...! NOT ON YOUR LIFE, SON! NO ONE NEED KNOW A THING ABOUT THIS BUT US! AND YOU'RE STILL ... SHERIFF LEX LARKER! SO...DO YOUR DUTY! TRACK THOSE POLECATS DOWN AND JAIL THEM-- SHERIFF!

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NOTE: OUR LETTERS SECTION APPEARS ON THE NEXT PAGE...

RIDIN' THE TRAIL WITH RAWHIDE

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 625 MADISON AVE. N.Y.C. 10022

Dear Stan,

I think Rawhide Kid and his mag are really great. I wish you would make a story about Kid and his family and tell us how he was named an outlaw. If you can, get him married, and his name cleared. PLEASE!!!

Mike Driebe
Arlington, Virginia

You don't hafta say "please", when you come up with such a worthwhile suggestion, Mike! We'll pass your request, pronto, on to Larrupin' Larry! As soon as that ink-slingin' hombre kin take some time out from ropin' steers, and chasin' ornery owlhoots away from his drawin' board, he just might get goin' on the story you ask for! Sounds like it could turn out to be one'a the best Rawhide epics of 'em all!

Dear Stan,

We just finished RAWHIDE #62 and we all agree that it was sensational. The two Rawhide Kid stories were simply fab. However, there is one thing that has us puzzled. In the story "The Return of Drako", you show Drako dangling from a small twig in a very deep canyon. How did he manage to reach the safety of the ground? We are very anxious to find out. Please continue with your fantastic mag. The stories are great. Also, a word of congratulations to Vince Colletta for a great inking job.

Brown, Mac, and McDuffee
Upper Heyford, England

And a word of congratulations to you three wranglers for tossin' what 'pears ta be a real tough question! How did Drako danglin' from that li'l twig, in a deep canyon, get to safety? Ya better hold tight to yore saddles, amigos, so's the answer won't throw ya! Actually, the solution is — uh — kinda easy! Nope, Drako didn't sprout wings 'n *fly* down. All he did was hang on till *after* Rawhide went away. Then, Drako started howlin' like a coyote, till one of his henchmen who'd run fer cover, came outta hidin' and lowered a rope ta him! Drako was hauled up to safety, and the varmint lived ta menace our favorite western justice-fighter, again! Hope that satisfies you rannies! If not, see if you can tell us a *better* answer! We'd shore appreciate it!

Dear Stan,

I got me a beef. I've read and enjoyed the rip-roarin', gun-slingin' adventures of the Rawhide Kid, for a long time. My complaint is that after fast-and-furious fightin' — outwitting owlhoots — slappin' leather against some of the toughest, meanest baddies around, the Kid *always* comes out on top! How come Rawhide never loses? Wouldn't his losing, once in a blue moon, spice up his yarns with a welcome seasoning of realism? This is a serious letter, so please give me a serious answer, pard!

Bobby Finkel
No. Hollywood, Calif.

You asked for a serious answer, Bobby, and that's what you'll get! The plain truth is that the Rawhide Kid has known bitter set-backs as well as hard-fought victories. Who hasn't? But the Kid never knuckles down to defeat. No matter how impossible the odds against him, how hopeless the victory seems, he fights on, until . . . as scores of evil men have learned the hard way . . . he *wins!*

Dear Stan,

I want to thank Marvel for presenting all these really outstanding western action tales! I think the Marvel Super-Heroes are the greatest! I buy as many ishes as I can. But believe it or not, I *never* miss a RAWHIDE KID mag, and this is why! The Rawhide stories are about a colorful part of our nation's history. Just like other countries look up to their great folk heroes of the past, we Americans get a special thrill out of stories about when the west was really wild. Yet, if not for Marvel's western mags — especially THE RAWHIDE KID — we wouldn't have western comic books now on sale in the U. S., that are worth buying, reading again and again, and then *collecting!* So, give us western lore comics buffs a break and keep publishing THE RAWHIDE KID at *least* until Sagebrush Irving Forbush learns that you're supposed to aim your six-shooters at the bad guys, instead of your own foot! Judging from Irv's frantic appearances in Brechh, he'll never get that straight! Right?

Dick Richards
Brooklyn, N.Y.

***Right*, Dick! Honest Irv is so mixed-up he thinks Nightwind is some kinda nocturnal breeze! Thanks for the sentiments about Marvel valiantly keeping western comics alive! As long as you and your buddies keep grabbing up issues of RAWHIDE KID as fast as we print 'em, the Kid will keep ridin' high! Spread the word, hombre!**

See yuh next ish — Rawhide

KNOW YE THESE, THE HALLOWED RANKS OF MARVELDOM:

(REAL FRANTIC ONE) — A BUYER OF AT LEAST 3 MARVEL MAGS A MONTH.

(QUITE 'NUFF SAYER) — A FORTUNATE FRANTIC ONE WHO'S HAD A LETTER PRINTED.

(TITANIC TRUE BELIEVER) — A DIVINELY-INSPIRED NO-PRIZE WINNER.

(KEEPER OF THE FLAME) — ONE WHO RECRUITS A NEW-COMER TO MARVEL'S ROLLICKIN' RANKS.

(PERMANENT MARVELITE MAXIMUS) — ANYONE POSSESSING ALL FOUR OF THE OTHER TITLES.

(FEARLESS FRONT FACER) — AN HONORARY TITLE, BESTOWED FOR DEVOTION TO MARVEL ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY.